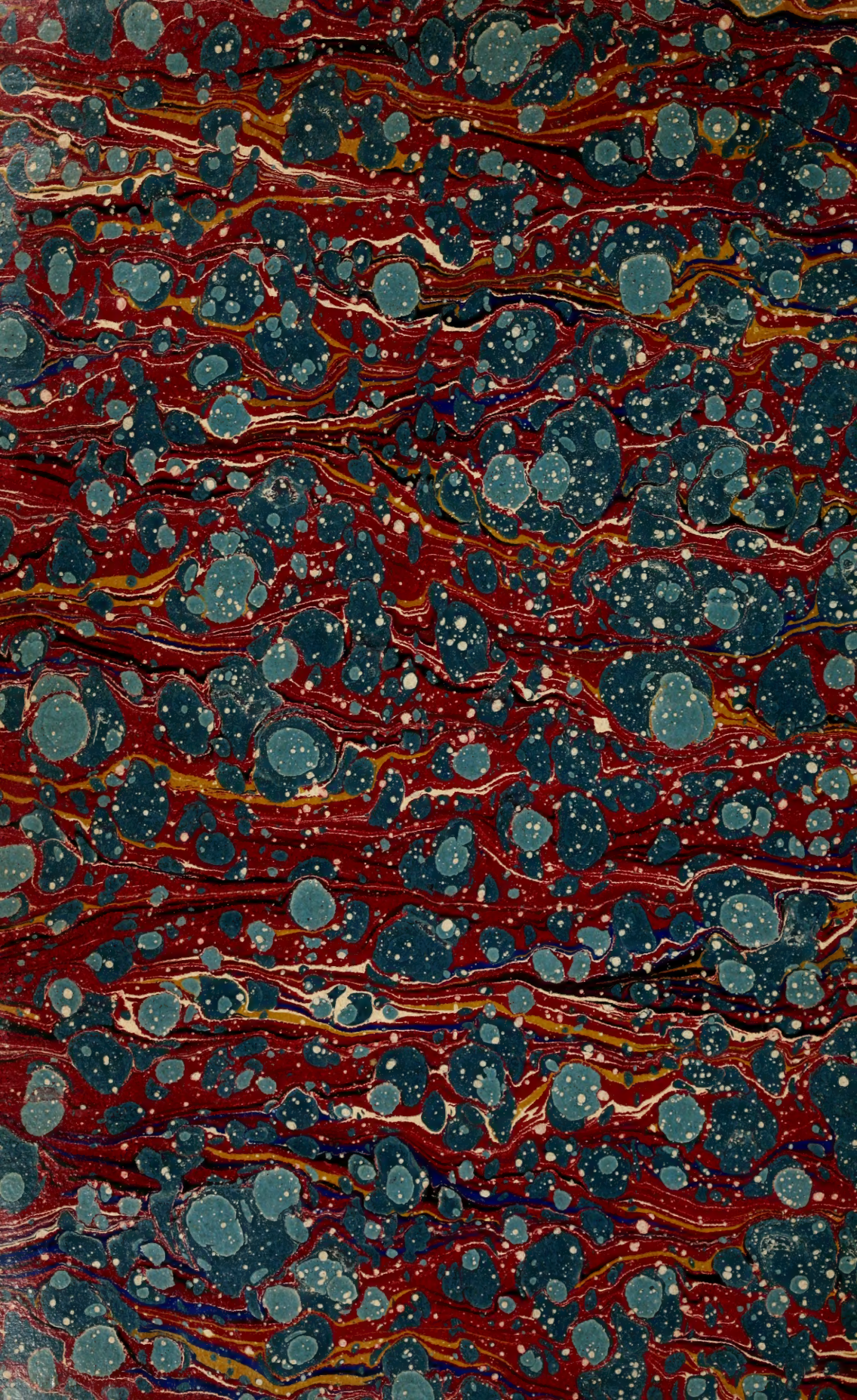

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The Onlooker

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

Vol. II—No. 3 TORONTO, MARCH, 1922 Price—20c.

For the People

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THE ONLOOKER

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

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UNIVERSAL STALEMATE—A BROAD SURVEY.

THE political situation in Canada at the present moment is truly deplorable; but then the political situation throughout the world is sordid. Tawdriness, superficiality, cowardice, seem to possess, not only those entrusted with government, but whole peoples.

The universal reaction from idealism to baseness is undeniable. It is quite useless trying to prophesy. Warnings fall on deaf ears. Even enlightened self-interest fails to attract. We are going through a phase of international idiocy. The intellect of the world is beclouded, and the reason is that logic, co-ordination, stern trust in the prophylactic character of law are conspicuously lacking in those called upon to lead. These steadily prevaricate, hedge, refuse to look facts in the face, and fear not the awful consequences of running counter to the nature of things, but an adverse verdict at the poles.

It is simply not grasped as yet that all peoples are in for great sufferings in common, and that there is no possible escape for any of us. We must all scale down our expenses. We all alike are playing with the truth, putting off, sulking, and waiting for some splendid miracle to get us out of our troubles. It is, however, safe to say that no miracle will occur, and that if politicians and publicists will not make clear the bitter situation, if need be in letters of fire, we shall drift from bad to worse. The most dangerous man at this hour is the foolish optimist. Prose, stern and unrelieved, must be the order of the day. Science may, to be sure, work a miracle by discovering new sources of power, but the probabilities are that we must continue to depend, for many a long day, on toil and courage. We have actually obliterated at least three hundred billions of real wealth, and this must all be recreated ere optimism and hope return. A large portion of the wealth of the world at this moment is represented by debts and hypothecations. A government bond is negotiable, and therefore represents the wealth which is based on faith, *i.e.* ability to pay, not only interest, as it falls due, but principle. It is in fact, a mortgage. But government bonds do not represent, as industrial bonds do, the actual creation of wealth; but rather, in this case, the destruction of wealth. They must of course, and in the case of Britain, the United States and the Over-seas Dominions, *will* be paid. But how? Ultimately by these various peoples bending their energies to create sufficient actual *new* wealth in the form of commodities and new forces. In other words, government bonds

represent debts, and when, as is the case at present, they assume gigantic proportions they are a curse and not a blessing; because they necessitate the lifting of vast sums of money out of the active, creative field of business into the dead vacuum of government expenditure. The yawning sink-hole of national indebtedness must be filled up; but it will be many a long day and many a long year before taxation can be safely lowered—at shortest, a century.

The distressing thing is, that, save in the case of the Empire and the United States, expenditures are mounting sky-high. France, for example, must soon enforce taxation undreamed of even in the riotous days of Louis XIV, or resort, as has Germany, Austria, Poland, to the desperate expedient of the printing press. "*Facilis descensus Averni.*" The straight and narrow path leading to industrial recovery is payment in hard cash; the broad and easy way leading to sure destruction is inflation; and, just at present, it is the popular and easy route out of immediate entanglements.

But inflation can go so far and only so far. No nation can keep on forever issuing promises to pay that are nothing more or less than forged lies. Sudden repudiation is not needed in order to render the whole mass of paper useless as a vehicle of commercial exchange. All that is required is to keep on printing till the mark or franc or krone sink to such a grotesque dimension, measured in gold, (the only standard) as to be no longer accepted in payment even of a newspaper. The end comes through attenuation of value and the result is, of course, universal ruin. A government whose note is no longer received by its own people ceases to be a government in any true meaning of the word. It is a bankrupt government. To recover, such a nation must be ruined, and begin all over again. It is a universal calamity. But, since land remains and people remain, some expedient must be found. There is no recourse but to primitive barter, or the leasing of the land out to foreign exploiters and the passing of the whole nation into financial servitude for the sake of mere bodily subsistance. Austria is in this unhappy position at the present moment; so is Poland, so is Russia, and, if France keep up her present expenditure, her end will be the same.

But who is there to take advantage of the situation? There is gold in America, billions of it; and if it were set flowing around the world, as it would long ago have been had it been in possession of English bankers, Europe would soon forget her grief and tears, and work with an almost tigerish ferocity. But the infinitely sad feature of the whole world-tragedy is, that though these stricken lands would welcome with open arms the American capitalist and banker and be only too glad to grant them concessions and give guarantees, they hold aloof, and the gold of America instead of being a flowing, fructifying river, is but a putrefying sink-hole. America's monopoly of gold and her reluctance to invest it in foreign lands, is the true course of the present intolerable stalemate. She is bleeding Europe

white. And what good does the gold do her? She dare not put it into the currency, for that would mean inflation, high wages, high prices and, in times of peace, reproduce the conditions of war. She is losing interest on it every day, and every fresh importation is a fresh embarrassment. Fate has performed many ironical tricks, but never one more poignant, in all its world-wide implications, than this. Multitudes in Europe must die, seemingly, because of American provincialism. Nations that live unto themselves pay a heavy price for their crassness and ignorance, but,unfortunately, the effect of their philosophy of life re-acts upon the whole world and,in the end, they too suffer. Diminution of output is the price which America is paying, and must continue to pay, till she sees the light. She is only at the beginning of her trouble. She is keyed to produce twice her own requirements, but cannot sell. Europe has no money to buy. What she needs is not charity, or rough advice, but capital. To-day in all the world there is only one nation in a position to take advantage of a dazzling investment (for Europe is on the bargain counter) and that nation, instead of venturing forth into untried fields, is busily engaged in erecting a Chinese wall against competitors who, possessing no gold, would eagerly send goods in payment of their just debts. The United States demands payment, and refuses payment in goods—all Europe possesses! This is the very climax of the preposterous. There is no gold in Europe, yet America demands gold, demands an impossibility! The plain truth is that what the world is suffering from is panic-fear. Britain alone in financial matters is possessed of the courage of a lion. She is plodding along in the old tried paths and taking her toll of suffering, and, heaven knows it is terrible enough—now. She has just bravely declared that London is once again to be the world's free market for gold. Amazing and glorious people! And there are those in Canada who, at this dread *impasse* in the world's affairs, go about shouting till they are purple in the face "Canada a Nation," unmindful of the fact that, apart from the Empire, we would at once disintegrate into our original fragments. Should we cut the painter binding us to Empire, how long would Quebec, which at present for base reasons controls the political situation, remain in Confederation? How long the north-west, which has gone rabid with the poison of sectionalism, and is openly debating annexation?

The plain truth is America is afraid of the international situation. But where did fear ever lead but to disaster? America can, to be sure, live unto herself. She has the choicest portion of an incredibly rich continent. She is, to all intents and purposes, an island. She can never be successfully invaded, and she is still largely an unexploited country. Her present riches stagger imagination and increase by leaps and bounds. Why should she fear what man can do unto her? Yet she does fear, and what she fears is a desperate, hungry, highly efficient Europe. She is not looking to the future,

but is intent on the present. Just at the moment she would make America an enclosed garden and shut the world, with all its cares and sorrows, out. She has all climates and is self-sufficient. If her manufacturies were just sufficient for her needs and seasonal increases she could live in proud isolation and in an artificially created peace and end as China ended—in perfumed mandarins and blue-bloused toilers. But this happens to be the 20th century of science, and what is called "Hundred per cent Americanism," is plainly impossible, as Mr. Vanderlip has had the courage to point out. France fears Germany, but it is internal, social distresses that America fears. She is top-heavy in manufacturing. Going full speed ahead she could easily supply her own markets, at normal demand, and have as much again to export. Were the foreign demand sharp, and international credits good she would, at this very hour, be full of an abounding prosperity. But exchange is crazy and Europe is bankrupt. The foreign trade of the United States has diminished and steadily diminishes. Her trade with Canada alone has fallen off by $400,000,000 in less than a year. With half the world's actual gold in her vaults she faces unemployment on a gigantic scale, and unless her best experts are astray, by April 1st there will be staged one of the greatest strikes in history.

Labor is fighting a vain, heart-breaking fight against the falling wage—long overdue. Low prices for commodities and high prices for labor we simply cannot have; nor is a compromise possible. Capital is as much tied up as labor. It is a tragic fact, but undeniably true that, not until wages are lowered all round, can we have low prices. Artificially maintained wages and low prices for commodities do not march together. The farmers of the United States have had to submit to a loss this year, as contrasted with 1920, of 3½ billions, and of 8½ billions as compared with 1919. They have organized politically, and the agricultural *bloc* absolutely controls both Senate and House. They are determined that, if they are to be brought down to bed-rock, the rest of the nation must submit on the same terms and to the same extent.

Meantime the demand for American goods has fallen off all over the world, and production has slowed down. It is an extraordinary situation. Yet it is easy to understand the point of view of the present administration. In the first place those in control are bound in honor to fulfill pre-election pledges. They promised High Protection all round and must implement their platform. The Government simply dare not lower the Tariff. Should it do so Europe would flood it in a month; for it is only by establishing a favorable balance of trade that Europe can hope to draw the much needed gold back. Those in charge at Washington know this and are afraid. They are not inviting industrial death. The United States proposes to work out her own salvation, and has just invited the world to follow suit. The world has. To-day High Protection is the order of the day, and

the fiercest advocates of it are, strange to relate, the American farmers.

Is there no escape from this universal stalemate? Are we to witness, on a vast scale, intensive national culture? For the moment and of necessity, yes. But will not this lead to a parochialism and intensification of Nationalism undreamed of by our economists? It will, but, apparently, there is no escape. Exchange having broken down it is a case of "To your tents, O Israel." Universal patents, equality of skill,and access to raw material,will lead in the case of the scientific races to self-sufficiency in respect of most basic necessities. Then, to be sure, adverse exchange acts as Protection; indeed, amounts to prohibition. Eager as Europe may be to import she cannot—the cost is too great, the articles too costly. Because of adverse exchange the United States lost over-night the trade built up with South America, while Europe was absorbed in the Great War. Ruinous exchange acts as a natural embargo. While it persists, and it is likely to persist for a long time, what, under normal times, would be imported must either be manufactured at home or done without. As a result of this, if long continued, we shall have all the civilized nations in the north temperate zone practically independent of each other. The markets lost will be lost forever, but the size of the world's workshop will, of course, be increased. It is, indeed, possible that the whole north temperate zone will soon be on a parity as respects manufactured articles, and protection the universal order. Specialties, no doubt, will continue to be exported— such as, Lyons silks and British tweeds—but exports will be select and of unusual excellence and cheapness. Those nations that have hitherto been behind in supplying themselves with their own needs will experience a great industrial revival—such as happened to Canada after 1878. On the other hand, those nations such as Germany, the United States and Britain, that are already manufacturing far beyond their own capacity to consume, will be forced into sharp rivalries for foreign, unexploited markets. These must turn South and East. This century will witness the greatest scramble for business in China, India, Australasia, Africa, Canada, South America, that the world has ever seen.

How will this effect us? The United States is already top-heavy in manufacturing, and we are next door, a vigorous, luxury-loving people with immense undeveloped resources. Naturally she has her eyes turned northward. It must be a case with us of "Guard your own!" not only against our neighbor to the south, but against Germany, Japan and, in many competitive lines, Great Britain. We have three choices: We can go out after world trade; manufacture to supply our own needs; or go out of the manufacturing game entirely, and invite exploitation on a gigantic scale. This last is the panacea offered us by the Farmer-group. Simply in the present posture, we

cannot halt between these possible choices. Our manufacturers have bravely chosen the historic path of adventure in foreign fields and in doing so, are running true to race form.

If unhappily, the Canadian people decide for Free Trade we end as a nation, for we, too, are top-heavy in manufacturing, and in order to maintain the status we have arrived at must enter into rivalry for foreign markets. It is either that or reversion to the purely agricultural type. But reversion to a purely rural condition would shatter the whole financial fabric and, that gone, our clever urban population would soon leave us, and the stagnation, falsely called content, would take the place of enterprize and ambition.

A purely rural Canada may sound alluring were it not for the fact that the fate of such lands is always and invariably helotage. Unless, for example, Ireland becomes a vigorous manufacturing nation, like Scotland, the old tragedy will go on, and indeed, now that British gold has been withdrawn, be intensified. A bankrupted Ireland may yet return to England. A rural Switzerland would be a grave. Turkey is grave. Purely peasant nations add little but foodstuffs and raw materials to the world's needs. If the mere multiplication of a fixed, contented type be the true end of civilization then, of course, we would be well advised to invite the destruction of cities and all that goes with cities and revert to primitive conditions. But if, as the writer of these lines believes, life is a supreme adventure and a constant thrust forward into the unknown, then, the more cultured, the more luxurious, the more intense, the more scientific, the more complex we can make it the better. The Onlooker is not prepared to believe that a people so enterprizing, courageous and advanced, as are Canadians, are prepared to throw up the sponge and be content to sink to uniform blue jeans. It would exactly suit the United States, Germany, and Britain as well, to rob us of our raw materials and have us turn into a nation of honest and contented tillers of the soil; but the result would be that the brains and genius of the country would leave it and a type would be left contented, no doubt, but of no cultural value and unworthy of a place in history. Yet the woods are full just now of madmen who are advocating this elysium of human beeves; and they hold 66 seats in the present House.

These mad theorists do not realize the condition of the world. The most of them have not even a child's comprehension of the risks of business. That Canada is intimately bound up in the solution of the world's problems, does not concern them in the slightest. They bring to a condition of affairs, that baffles even the most subtle and far seeing intelligences of the time, the crude experiences of men quite unused to financing even in tens of thousands. And we are up in the billions!

There is no high civilization possible without manufacturing.

How can there be? Take the apparatus demanded by Science alone! It required a degree of science and skill that might truthfully be described as uncanny, to construct the Mount Wilson telescope. Could such a triumph be constructed in a purely agrarian community? In Turkey for example? The truth is, of course, that civilization has its living root in the city and town, and that if our cities and towns decay it ends. It may be cheerfully granted that a decayed rural community eventually means decayed urban centres, and that cities at times may, conceivably, become, grave menaces to the health and happiness of the nation as a whole—vast parasites, sucking at the healthy body of the race and producing universal gangrene. Yet it is extremely doubtful if this charge, so often made, can be substantiated. There never yet was a great race that did not culminate in a great urban centre. The history of great cities is the history of civilization. All that we possess of science, art, literature, religion, commerce, flowed and is flowing from the city. The city has given to the country far more than the country has ever given, or ever can give, to the city. Its healthy roots reach to the remotest hamlet, and from the country side it draws its native power; but it yields rich fruitage, and, without it, life would degenerate and progress would halt. Those agitators who are incensing our farmers against the city and town have a heavy sin to answer for, both here and in the United States. At a time when the most delicate thing in all the world—credit—is imperilled they are advocating theories which, if carried out, would plunge the whole nation into irretrievable ruin. The fact is for Canada to go in for tariff revision on a drastic scale at a time when the entire world is clad in the mailed proof of protection would be to invite crucifixion. That so many of our farmers have listened to the voice of the doctrinaire is one of the tragedies of this time, and reveals appalling ignorance. It is easy for men who are utterly ignorant of manufacturing to excite anger in the rural breast by depicting the average business man as a blood-sucker who thrives by bribing governments to extend him special privileges; but the facts are far otherwise. Every advance in manufacturing means and must mean an advance in *general* prosperity. Paralyze our great business centres, and rural depression on a vast scale must inevitably follow. If the national income fall—as fall it would and tremendously under Free or near Free Trade—then the whole burden of taxation would rest on the land. Of all countries in the world, Canada is most in need of protection, for the reason that it has a clever, capable, ambitious population, with a vast unexploited hinterland, and resources in water-power alone, that stagger imagination. Increase of manufacturing, increase of cities, increase of capital is what we need and not the decentralization of our urban centres. A dozen cities like Toronto and Montreal would increase the value of farm lands by billions. *The greater the aggregate wealth, the wider the spread of the taxable area, and the*

lighter the burden on the individual. Were the whole world to go in for Free Trade, we no doubt would follow suit. It would be wise for us to do so; but it is not for us alone to take the plunge. That would be to carry a theory to a wild extreme.

The position of Canada at the present moment is sufficiently serious to produce sobriety of thought and extreme caution in inaugurating novel experiments. If our farmer governments knew more of the international situation they would experience a healthy fright and start to economize with a vengeance. If they keep on as they are doing, the credit of the country will be destroyed. With that vanity, which is the concomitant of ignorance universally, they continue borrowing and spending, seemingly indifferent to the day of redemption and unintimidated by a declining revenue and a national income that has been cut in half. These expenditures would be bad enough even if we were prosperous; but to indulge in such folly now is criminal. Yet these same men, who are spending the public funds like water, are all for a savage revision of the Tariff, and are apparently, callously indifferent as to what may happen to the cities and towns so long as they save a few dollars on their purchases. The tremendous debt we are carrying, and the enormous interest charge can only be liquidated by a corresponding development of both manufacturing and farming. If this great and fruitful source of wealth be crippled, we go bankrupt. The farmers could not hope to carry the burden. From the lowest of all stand-points—the mercenary—they should pray for prosperity to our manufacturing, since every new factory established, takes just so much of the debt off their backs.

Though the temptation to do so was great, Canada, under Mr. Meighen, did not attempt to raise her Tariff. It is to-day, one of the lowest tariffs in the world—lower than that of Britain. She may yet be forced to raise it. "Needs must, when the devil drives"; and a Finance Minister who endured sixteen years of party hypocrisy and gave us the "Anti-dumping Clause" may be trusted to find some facile and sophistical reason for revising upward, if he find himself in a financial hole and under the necessity of raising funds. It all depends upon Quebec, and Quebec is Tory on the subject of protection.

We did not, however, raise our Tariff. As every intelligent Canadian knows we lowered it. Not so the United States, and, as a consequence, the position of that land is truly tragic. Apparently those at present in control at Washington prefer to rot in the Doldrums, rather than spread every sail and yield to the power of the Trade Winds. Unless some bold solution of the present ridiculous dilemma is found, the Republican House is likely to be swept from power at the next election. The political world is in a condition of unstable equilibrium. The financial megalomania of the war persists, and labor is in the sulks. Russia is starving to death, but still

stretches its icy hands over the dying fires of the Revolution. The situation is sinister and horrible. Violence, aided by propaganda, has resulted in the moral and spiritual death of a whole generation. The famine moves on like a pitiless glacier, and the devastated lands may yet be filled up by Teutonic hordes. "East! Forward!" is now the inspiring cry of a Germany, virtually shut out from Western civilization and on the abyss of financial ruin. Dire economic necessity, which knows no law but the primitive desire for survival, may, indeed will, bring about a racial fusion of slav and teuton, since, in the matter of marriage, the German has no racial prejudice and is tremendously prepotent. It must never be forgotten that the Prussian is a Balto-Slav.

The outstanding fact is, that the average American (we ignore the intelligent American) is convinced that his only present safety is to shut out the competition of Europe and the rest of the world, and preserve his home markets for himself, and he has extended the doctrine of extreme protection so as to include food stuffs and basic elements of all kinds. The useless hoard of gold which he now possesses , if liberated, would save the world, but he is either afraid to invest it outside of the national boundaries, or knows not how to do so. We incline to the latter view. Americans are, in International affairs, the most hopelessly ignorant people in the world. They don't know what to do with their newly gained wealth and that is the plain English of it.

It would be too long a story to go into an explanation of the causes of the lamentable state of affairs, but this much may be said: Until quite recently the United States was a borrowing nation on a vast scale. It used up its usufructs in developing its own resources and constantly cried, like the horse leech of Scripture, for more. Its citizens simply were not interested in investments abroad. A few great houses, like the Morgans, of course, thought internationally, but the most of the large German and French bankers in New York handled foreign funds for investment in America. The war changed all that, and now Americans, of the keener and broader sort, see clearly this grave defect in the national psychology; see clearly, indeed, that trade follows investment and must. Yet still as a nation, they but grope where Britain boldly marches, sure-footed and unperturbed. By extending long-term credits to foreign customers, the latter country is now well on the way to recovery. Britain has what the United States has not—correct information and trust born of experience. The knowledge—knowledge that means trade and gold—locked up in the financial brain of Britain is an unique treasure; but then Britain has been a foreign trader since the days of the Phoenicians! It is a treasure largely of individual houses; the rich fruitage of actual experience covering centuries. Foreign trade is an instinct of the British race, born of love of adventure and the sea. The British merchant will invest in anything anywhere so long as he

can get a profitable return cargo, and the British banker never hesitates to back him up. He has made colossal losses from time to time as in the case of the Barings in South America, but, on the whole, his gains have far outweighed his losses, and he is always eager for a fresh try. If Britain possessed the American hoard of gold, which at present is losing interest every day, she would take it in her broad red hands and scatter it all round the world. Certainly, she wouldn't look at it in dazed surprise and ask the foolish question, "What shall I do with it?" Alas! it is an ignorance which is costing, not only the United States, but the world, dearly.

Dread is always and everywhere the child of ignorance. "Will European civilization last"? is the fearful question which Americans are asking each other. They never for one moment ask themselves, "Will America last?" They assume it will, and it must be confessed, have solid reasons for the faith that is in them. Yet it may be stated, dogmatically, that America will only last in its present condition if the aristocratic, *i.e.* the pioneer American stock retain the art of governing mixed ethnic masses. Should, for example, the Irish race thrive and increase and become preponderant what would become of the Declaration? There are indications that the next great fight in America will be against ethnic and labor groups who are beginning to challenge the validity of the old standards and to insist on a new deal all round. It is, indeed, possible that voluntary limitation of offspring on the part of the cultured classes was the true cause of the decline of the ancient empires and that, in the end, it may destroy even so powerful a nation as the United States. This portent is sinister, not only for the United States, but for all the highly civilized races. The German woman is eager for and rejoices in maternity.

The true answer then to the query,"Will European civilization survive?" is, "It has at least as good a chance of surviving as the United States." The Euro-Asian continent is incredibly rich—richer than America, and there are unexploited hinterlands, such as the vast alluvial plains that stretch in three directions from the Caucauses, that may yet, fostered by science and capital, make the present wealth of America look trivial. America has marched to its Pacific, and its westward destiny is achieved. Whither next? Southward would seem to be the line of least resistance and a new Transcontinental to the tip of the Southern hemisphere. But Europe needs only to press eastward and gradually occupy the land to solve all her economic woes. There would be no jungles and miasma to overcome. German and British publicists see this quite clearly, and are alert and eager to take advantage of the situation. Civilized Europe may yet be forced to join hands, if not hearts with Germany, march into Russia, overthrow the present usurpers and declare the Euro-Asian continent open to commerce. So far as resources, both developed and undeveloped, are concerned Euro-Asia is richer than America, as it is richer in the complexity and skill of its human units. It

represents a vastly older civilization and a surer inherited touch. It is still the source of the finest products, and the intellect of Europe shows no sign of exhaustion. The living fountain of originality that began with Greece, and farther back with Babylon, still flows in ever increasing volume and depth. If skill, inherited and acquired, science, exquisite taste, power of world-wide vision, highly technical knowledge of finance, solidity of national character, the capacity for uncomplaining toil be sureties for safe investment, then America need have no fear that any investments made in Europe are likely to be precarious in character. It is after all, the character of a people that counts. The national type is the greatest or poorest of assets. It may be said with truth that it is on character alone that the British Empire rests. A degenerate people is always a poor investment. But is Britain degenerate? France? Germany? Italy? They are disturbed, distraught, as well they may be, but degenerate? No! Or, at any rate, no more than America herself. Every age has had its soft, silly side. The comedies of Wycherly show us the moral laxity of his time in Britian—as the American yellow press and movie reveal, as in a sinister flash-light, an unquestionable falling from Puritanic standards in the United States at this hour. Yet both in the United States and in Europe the bulk of the people are sound. There is, indeed, something supremely insolent in this tendency of certain American writers to cry up the moral superiority of America over Europe. The British know better; but then the British have always thought on large lines. One is tempted to look upon this dread of general European insolvency as the suspicion of a thoroughly parochial type of mind. What is forgotten is that the civilized races of Europe are homogeneous and intensely national. They are rooted in the soil. They are not ethnic crazy-quilts, as America herself is. The people of France act and think as one, rejoice and suffer together. They may be forced to scale down by a savage revision of interest and forced refunding on a large scale to their own people, but foreign investments will be safe enough.

At the same time one cannot expect the United States government to assist Europe. It is hardly pressed at this hour for funds itself. It is not a case for governmental interference. What is needed is that the private and corporate possessors of vast wealth in America should envisage the world situation properly, get over their timid provincialism and invest their idle billions in new and promising fields; in other words, the time has come for America, with one third of the world's gold lying idle in her coffers and losing interest every day, to plunge into the International field of finance on a vast scale. That gold, which at present is only an embarrassment and a curse, must flow back to Europe or disaster will ensue to the entire world. One thing is certain: If Europe goes bankrupt the rest of the world will swiftly follow. To preserve civilization Europe must be kept solvent. Should that vast complex civilization sink into commercial

decay the effect on America would be disasterous. At least one half of her factories would be forced to close down and her agriculture would be ruined. It is gold, capital, that Europe wants, not theories. America has it in her power to write a new Odyssey. Are her financial Argonauts prepared to launch and sail eastward in search of the golden fleece? That they have the chance is undeniable. If they pass it by and hang on to the bullion they possess they will but repeat in all its bitter irony the fable of "Midas and the Golden Touch" And if it be answered (and the possibility has been harped upon *ad Nauseam* by certain superficial observers) that, if American financiers, were *sure* that European civilization would survive in its present shape, they would gladly invest, and that it is only the dread of revolution that keeps them back, the reply must still be that the possibility of revolution, though remote, is with us all and that a soviet Europe would have a tremendous repercussion in America. Surely, it is the very thing we all wish to avoid. If the investment of American gold in solid business enterprizes in Europe would lay this ghost (and it is the conviction of the writer it would) then, for her own sake and for her own solvency and happiness, America ought to take the problem up and see it through to a successful close.

The suggestion of Mr. Vanderlip that a huge Central Bank of Europe in American control will not answer. No nation would submit to such financial despotism. The suggestion is puerile. It is entirely a case for private capital; it is a problem of investments. The financiers of America must look the field over and bravely take their risks, as Britain is doing. Losses there would be, but the gains would far outweigh them, and the ensuing world-wide revival of trade would solve the heavy anxieties of America herself, since it is her trade that would chiefly benefit. It is, in other words, time for the United States to practice enlightened self interest, to come out of her shell, and boldly claim the world as her true field of investments. She should remember that Europe has had a long history, that its various nations are homogeneous and that notwithstanding the French Revolution, France is able to proudly boast that her debts to foreign nationals were all in due course, paid.

The allied debts stand on another footing. In justice not one cent of that should be paid or asked, for reasons that have nothing whatever to do with private ventures, but which belong entirely to an ideal world. At present those debts hang like a millstone around the neck of the world. They represent gigantic, abnormal profits wrung out of the necessities of Europe, and the money spent was in defence of American ideals of freedom. By coming in at the eleventh hour America herself acknowledged that the cause of the Allies was, from the very beginning, truly hers. The magnanimous, the wise and it may be added, the just thing would be for the United States to wipe out the debt at one stroke and so earn the undying graitude of the people of Europe. That money saved her liberty. It was spent in the

common defence. It should represent her loss in the war, and, considering the actual losses of the Allies, in men and treasure it assumes but small dimensions by contrast. A people whose national wealth equals the combined assets of Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy can surely afford to go the limit of generosity at a time when the whole world is crying for relief from well-nigh intolerable burdens.

THE RAILWAY SITUATION

—A Warning

THERE is a subtle propaganda going on at the present time, which has apparently its headquarters in Montreal, to wreck the Canadian National Rys. It is easy to detect the form it is taking, and, if the people of Canada were not so simple-minded and gullible, it would have been countered long ago. Briefly, what is sought is, first of all to intimidate the people by painting, with the aid of so-called experts, the financial situation of our national Rys. in the blackest colors. The next step is to ridicule Government Ownership, and cast vague doubts on the efficiency and honesty of those at present in control. No direct charges are made, but references to the "Old corrupt Government regime" are quite abundant. The object, of course is to shake faith in the present Board of Directors (which is a strictly non-partisan body). The third move is to pry off the G.T.R. from the main system, with the object of leaving the Transcontinental, the Canadian Northern and the G.T.P. "up in the air." It is realized that if this can be effected, the whole gigantic system will be put into bankruptcy—thrown on the bargain-counter in short—and bought for a song. The fourth and most despicable move is to throw the Intercolonial into politics and run it as a source of patronage. Along these lines, steadily, persistently, the movement may be expected to run. Certain facts will, of course, be left out or conveniently slurred over. As for instance: The world-wide depression of trade which is effecting the C.P.R. quite as much as the Can. National Rys; the necessity the National system is under for heavy new committments in order to function properly; the tremendously enhanced cost of raw materials during and after the war; the gigantic increase in wages, due to the Mac Adoo award and which the Government was powerless to control. We shall have no fair appreciation of these facts. The whole weight will be thrown on deficits and impending bankruptcy. But a moment's consideration will show that no change of management can make money cheaper, or change the International situation for good, or guarantee good harvests or a revival of industry; or, in short, add one more ton of freight. It is not denied that, man for man, the present staff (mostly trained in the C.P.R.) are quite as good as those in charge of the parent company; or that the old G.T.R. is not served by a loyal and efficient staff. Times are hard universally, and the American railways are all, at this writing, in the "Slough of Despond."

There are no direct open charges of either inefficiency or corruption. What is sought is to prove that, if the people of Canada would only bond the National Rys. over to a Montreal syndicate, (kindly guaranteeing all fixed charges and, of course, assuming responsibility for all losses) we would find ourselves in Beulah. It is, in other words, an absolute C.P.R. monopoly of all transportation that is sought, to be, for all time, under C.P.R. management. Lord Shaughnessey does not ask that the C.P.R. shall be incorporated as part of the Canadian National Rys; but that the National Rys. shall be incorporated with the C.P.R.—a horse of a different color! To put it bluntly, the C.P.R. crowd want a growing rival quietly asphyxiated and put out of the way. They want the G.T.R. merger squelched (see Pres. Beatty's speeches throughout the N.W!) because they realize that *without Eastern terminals* the Can. Nat. Ry. is as good as dead. And they are working night and day and moving Heaven and earth to effect this result. It is the most brazen attempt to thwart a great enterprize, nobly conceived in the interest of the whole people, that was ever attempted and back of it all is corporation greed. Will it succeed? We do not think so. Sir Lomer Gouin and the Hon. Rudolph Lemieux are ardently in favor of it, and Sir Lomer Gouin is the real Prime-Minister of Canada. He is, we believe, a director of the Bank of Montreal, and the Bank of Montreal is intimately associated with the C.P.R. group. As Minister of Justice (if this surmise be correct) he should at once resign that particular Directorship. Where the Hon. Mr. Fielding stands we do not know; but there is absolutely no doubt where the farmers stand, and they cannot be controlled, as Mr. Crerar has just discovered to his surprise, and Mr. Drury too. The people of this country may consider absolute Government ownership of all railways, but never absolute private monopoly. If there is to be any taking over, it will be the Government that will take over the C.P.R. on terms that are just and fair to the shareholders. To say, as these paid propagandists do, that private management of railways is always and everywhere superior to public ownership is quite untrue and cannot be proved. The Americans are a very clever people and the Morgans and Goulds remarkable financiers, yet in the whole history of finance it would be impossible to match for sheer wastefulness, criminality and stupidity the history of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Rys. or the disasterous mismanagement of the so-called "Gould system"of Rys. The history of the privately owned and managed Railways in the United States has been a history of graft, wrecking, bankruptcy, Receiverships. And the history of British Rys., owing to their stupid system of charging all improvements to capital accounts, not much better. The staff of the old G.T.R. has always been loyal and efficient; but of the private management the less said the better. Still a good many millionaires have been graduated from it, as in the case of the C.P.R. The success of the Canadian National Rys. will depend on

the character of the Canadian people. It may be that we are a race of corrupt fools and quite incapable of sending honest men to Ottawa to attend to our affairs. Certainly, we have made, in the fury of party politics, some ghastly mistakes. But so far we have never made a fatal mistake and are not likely to. But the time has not come when we are prepared to throw up the sponge and admit that we are a lot of senseless Cretins, who have supinely concluded that our Railways—the veins and arteries of our whole industrial system —are a problem beyond the reach of patriotism and common-sense. If we have really reached this pass, then we ought not only to hand over our Railways to the C.P.R., but dispense with the farce of an election altogether and allow the C.P.R. staff, on which Lord Shaughnessy sets so much store, to run the whole country and pay each of us our dole. A more insolent or *insulting* proposition was never before made to a free people. The people of this country control the C.P.R. and they control the banks too, and one of these days they will prove it.

THE SITUATION IN GERMANY

THE Germans are using paper money, which is really trash and can never be redeemed, to carry on and reconstruct. Goethe foretold this madness in the last part of Faust. He understood his own folk. So long as the mark is accepted by the average German it will be possible to do real things with it. By simply printing and putting out a piece of paper the German Government finds itself in a position to reconstruct a Railway, metal a highway, deepen a canal, pay salaries and, in short, carry on every conceivable form of activity. That is to say, in exchange for paper, Germany gets all sorts of wonderful things done. Some day the paper mark will not go; but when that day arrives it will have sunk so low as to be practically worthless and of value only for pulp. Meantime, just because each German is willing to accept it from his neighbor and can buy the necessaries of life with it, Germany is being almost miraculously reconstructed. It is a huge success of unsound, rascally banking; but so long as the German people are credulous enough to believe that the trash they are handling is real money with an ultimate redemptive value the scheme works. When the country is reconstructed and all lee-way made up the gigantic task will have cost her nothing; because it is the evident intention of those in authority to go on printing till the value of the mark completely vanishes. The kronen in Austria is about at that point now. What then? Complete, though only temporary, bankruptcy for the Government and those unfortunate Germans who possess no real property. Incidentally all the marks sold on foreign speculative account at four and five cents will, of course, be worthless. In selling those marks to foreigners the German Government was guilty of a fraud amounting to indecency. It was a clear case of "spoiling the Epyptians" At the same time one

cannot have much sympathy for greedy foreigners anxious to get something for nothing.. However, the main result of this reasoned duplicity is that Germany has been rebuilt from the ground up, not by sound gold credits, but by credulity. "Let the mark burn!" is now the slogan. Germany, glittering and fresh and ready for business, will have been reconstructed by a fraud on her own toilers, in defiance of all accepted economic standards. No other nation could do it. Those caught with marks at the last ditch will lose and, if overloaded, will lose heavily. This is thoroughly understood by the subtle and informed, and, in consequence, a game is going on called, cynically, "Running away from the mark." But whatever happens, Germany, the nation, will remain and the people, hardy, patient, skilful will remain. It promises to be the most successful bluff in history. We say, "promises to be"—always provided the dispossessed—the million—do not rise in wrath and spoil the spoilers. Provided Revolution do not break out, so far as the Stynnes, Krupps, Thyssens, Rothschilds are concerned, when repudiation comes (as come it will and must) these will be found in possession of all the real values and in a position to control the Government and get all the gold they need from abroad. The Kartel will be triumphant. The real financial world of Germany, *i.e.*, those possessed of actual tangible wealth, will be safe. Repudiation of the currency will not be able to affect them. They own the banks at this hour, and the Allies are up against these financial supermen and not up against, what is allowed by their grace, to exist as a socialistic government.

So far they have succeeded in defeating even the subtle economists of France. However, France is at last awake to the policy being pursued and proposes to get, even at the cost of a deeper military penetration, all that she can collect and turn into cash. The Government will go bankrupt and the mass of toilers with it; but solidly buttressed in the possession of physical Germany, the financial magnates will go ahead exchanging what Germany produces for them in their mills, factories, mines, forests and fisheries for similar real values produced by foreign nations eager for cheap saleable goods.

There are, in fact, two governments in Germany at this hour: that elected by the people and that represented by the Kartel. The people of Germany may be reduced to industrial slavery; but these men will be secure, because they control the whole world of industry and (outside of the forests and railways, which are state-owned) the natural resources of the country. The final result will be, either an industrial tyranny with a broken and biddable race of economic slaves or a revolution and the confiscation of all private property in the name of the state; in other words Marxism, the Soviet. Things are rapidly moving to a climax. Inflation has about reached its limit. Already the day of repudiation is here. Germany has in circulation at present 120,000,000,000 of marks and proposes to issue seventy billions more, or, say, $45,000,000,000; or quite two-thirds

of the national wealth of the country measured in foot-power per ton. Putting the annual increase of capital (savings) at two billions of dollars it would take her twenty-two years to create enough gold to discharge existing obligations represented by currency alone. But that is not all the story. There is the indemnity; the almost total loss of shipping; the lopping off of Dantzig; the partition of Schleswig-Holstein; the partition of Silesia; the loss of all her colonies; the alienation of the Saar basin for twenty-five years; the restoration to France of Alsace-Lorraine; the cost of military occupation; the shortage of basic raw material, which can only be procured in exchange for gold or manufactured goods; the hatred and distrust of other nations; high tariffs aimed against her; the dislocation of her trade her internal debt and pensions. It is truly an appalling catalogue. The inference is unavoidable. The present inflated currency will never be redeemed. It will end in pulp. What will be the end of this once mighty and puissant power? France can, if she so will, assassinate her ancient foe. She has the army, the equipment, and, with many, the move would be popular. It would be slaughter of the defenceless. And what would she do, what could she do with a race of sullen slaves? The human drama rises to a climax unparalleled in the history of the world. Britain is helpless and has just cut her army. The world is helpless. The United States alone is in a position to move; but will it? At present it demands "the pound of flesh nearest the heart" and has filed its claim for damages against the miserable bankrupt. It has gone further: it has raised its Tariff so as to shut out even the agricultural products of its nearest and second-best customer—Canada.

The United States Tariff is an edict of death to the world; the incapacity of its financial leaders to handle international problems the world's present tragedy. Germany seems doomed at present to a slow death. But with Germany destroyed the world diminishes automatically. With Russia obliteratead from the economic map it will be a smaller world, even when compared with 1872. The foreign trade returns of all nations will have to be calculated on a permanently lower scale, taxation will remain irksome, and millions upon millions of unemployed will be forced to immigrate to unexploited lands.

We must call a truce to hate. Towering over all, like some sinister portent of doom, is the fact that the prosperity of Germany is absolutely essential to the prosperity of Europe, and that the downfall of Germany will mean the complete collapse of France and the end of European civilization. The woe wrought Germany can never be forgiven or forgotten by the present generation at least, and she must be rendered innocuous; but she cannot be permitted to perish. There she stands the last outpost against the mysterious and fecund East—Europe's bastion against a repellant barbarism.

And there is this to be said: If a nation like Germany is in-

capable of "bringing forth works meet for repentance;" if she is really beyond the pale of God's mercy and God's law and is predestined to forever seek an Assyrian Peace, never learning from bitter experience that this is a moral universe and that only spiritual values survive; then what guarantee have we that in the end our own high standards may not be departed from and the sword alone rule among the nations of earth? Had Germany at the close of the war stood forth with bowed head, acknowledged her fearful crime against the human race and thrown herself on the mercy of her conquerors, from the lowest of all standpoints—the mercenary—it would have been worth billions to her and to the world. She is still unrepentant morally, but if there be a wise and beneficent Providence shaping nations as well as individuals to ends of character and true happiness; then surely when this great people shall have drunk to the very dregs the present cup of suffering they will emerge in light. But if, as some suppose, (not The Onlooker) the typical German is a moral mattoid incapable, for biological reasons, of envisaging the universal qualities of justice and mercy; then the war of types for ultimate survival must go on, and peace conferences must be considered mere picnics and breathing-spells, like the winter truces of the old warfare when officers and soldiers alike freely fraternized, renewing their warfare with the carols of the birds in Spring. Is it not time for broad-minded and cultivated men of all nations to seek each other out and begin a mighty propaganda having for its end a deep and lasting revival of those spiritual qualities which alone, followed with a noble humility, can save the world from the domination of animal lust? Surely, if there are noble souls in Germany, kindred spirits in all lands should seek them out to the end that through their renewed consecration to Divine ideals the German folk may be restored to the comity of Christian peoples. What is needed universally is a change of heart.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

THE people of Canada voted political chaos and got it. The existing situation is an exact image of the popular mind. In Quebec there was no debate. It was not necessary. All that was needed was to describe Mr Meighen as a "Hangman," cry "*Revanche*" for submitting the Province to exactly the same law as all the other Provinces, and talk about the Laurier Tariff. It did not matter, of course, that the Laurier Tariff was, on the average, higher than the existing Tariff or that its enactment would convict the Liberal party of the grossest hypocrisy and falsehood. A specious piece of humbug was needed to delude the simple *habitats* and Sir Lomer Gouin supplied it. He passes as a statesman east of the Ottawa; but the country as a whole, now has his exact measure. Unless political honor is dead he will implement his promise and seek to raise instead of lower the Tariff. We shall see.

The Hon Rudolphe Lemieux, on the same day that the Hon. Mr. Fielding was describing the defeat of Reciprocity in 1911,"as a crime against the people of Canada" came out flatfooted against it and boldly proclaimed himself a Protectionist. He has wisely taken refuge in the speakership, and is now immune from pre-election pledges. But the strangest episode remains to be told. At the Lemieux banquet the guest of honor came out uncompromisingly and even insultingly against any alliance with the Agrarian party. He issued a challenge of "war to the knife" against Crerar and all his ways. So far so good. What happened the day after election? Puffed up by the unexpected result King immediately sent one Heydon as an emissary to Crerar offering terms. There was to a be radical downward revision of the Tariff; Government ownership of the national Rys, was to be continued; Reciprocity attempted, and the Agrarians were to have five seats in the cabinet. The natural resources of the North West were to be handed over on their own terms to the various Provinces. King counted on losing thirty-five seats in Quebec, the loss of the straight Protectionist Liberals in the East, but banked on a majority over all in combination with the Progressives. To his surprise he discovered that in times of peril Quebec moves as One. Sir Lomer Gouin let the farce proceed to a certain point and then he pulled the string. In other words, he told King that instead of losing thirty-five seats he would certainly lose the whole sixty-five. It must have been a cynically amusing interview—for Sir Lomer.

Crerar, flushed with his North-West sweep, vainly imagined that all he had to do was to carry King's terms to the Convention, have the arrangement visaed, as a matter of course, and shepherd his docile flock into the old Liberal fold. He discovered to his surpirse that the North-West zealots would have none of it. To-day he is only one of a group. Mr. H. W. Wood has the Progressive movement in his grip, and Crerar can "go whistle to the moon." Crerar of course, will edge up to King. He is not particularly a Progressive, but an unreconstructed Free-trade Liberal born and bred in the MacKenzie briar patch. He is about as much Progressive as Drury is U.F.O. (Ask J. J. Morrison how much that is?)

Can Crerar control his bunch of come-outers? Time will tell. It is a ticklish and interesting situation. Mr. Meighen's prophecy of a sterile session will be exactly verified, and for these reasons: Should Gouin attempt to put across the Shaughnessy plan and hand over the National Rys. to the C.P.R. for all time the Conservatives, Public Ownership Liberals and the Agrarians would defeat him. On the other hand, should Crerar attempt to revise the Tariff downward, Quebec which is pledged to Protection and a revival of the Laurier Tariff, would vote with the Conservatives and snow the Free-trade Agrarians under. The same fate would be measured out to Fielding and his Reciprocity fad.

Reciprocity under present conditions, the farmers of Canada do

not want, for the simple reason that the price of their products, though low in Canada, are higher than in the United States. The farmer has seen a great light. A more fatuous thing than the unauthorized visit of Fielding to Washington to negotiate Reciprocity at a time when the Republican party is on the eve of raising its Tariff against the whole world could not possibly be conceived. To go to Washington and ask the President of the United States to go back on all his solemn pre-election pledges to the farmers and stultify himself to oblige the Liberal party is the very climax of absurdity. Mr. King was in the habit of orating about a tyrannical Government functioning without a mandate. It was a piece of solemn nonsense, of course. But what shall be said of an interim group in control before the meeting of the House daring to attempt the negotiating of a Reciprocity Treaty without an express warrant from the people? Sir Wilfred Laurier went to the country in 1911 on this very issue and was overhwelmingly defeated. Fielding, without authorization and, secretly, suddenly bobs up in Washington, and an astounded and infuriated country reads the lying statement on the Globe Bulletin of March 1st, "Fielding negotiates Reciprocity Treaty." It was a plain, unvarnished falsehood, without a tittle of evidence to support it, as The Globe's own columns proved. Reciprocity indeed! We shall see about that!

To cap the mad climax the Ontario Liberal convention, after three weary years of wooing, following King's lead, has just solemnly announced that it can have nothing to do with the farmers, and repudiates their work and ways. What! And only the other day in Quebec their glorious leader (on the field of words) announced that it was his unalterable intention to work with the Agrarians and that the differences between the two parties were trivial! Where will this hypocrisy, which is ruining the very soul of Canada, end? Or are the Ontario Liberals getting ready to repudiate King? We hope so.

And now as respects a "Government without a mandate"! Here is a group at Ottawa without a majority and in a popular minority of 560,000 votes. Where is the mandate? Mr. Meighen when he went to the country had a clear and sure majority of 20 and a popular majority that far outweighed the opposition. Had we representation by popular majority he would have at least 73 seats, and have behind him the largest single group in the House. It is safe to say we shall hear no more about "Government without a mandate." The shoe is on the other foot with a vengeance. The humbug is at last exposed. The Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen has taken his defeat in an unembittered and noble spirit. He waged a campaign that can only be described as heroic. He was betrayed by certain of his own party organs at the last moment, and had but little platform assistance. He played fair to the loyal Liberals, religiously keeping the Pact entered into by the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden and those bighearted loyalists who had every reason to suppose that the bulk of

the Liberal party was behind them. The sequel proved they were mistaken. Not five per cent of the Liberal party voted the national ticket, and the Conservative party was divided by the farmer movement. Yet, notwithstanding all this, his party polled almost a million votes. Not once did he prevaricate or hedge. Not once did he fawn and flatter or promise an illusory paradise. Not once did he waver in his loyalty to Protection as the only safety for a small people at the mercy of vast antagonists. In clear, vigorous, logical and earnest speech he put the whole issue before the people and though defeated by a combination of hypocrisy and slander he rose to commanding heights as a statesman, and is to-day our one outstanding national figure and the hope of the future.

BETRAYERS OF CIVILIZATION

THE betrayers of society are the wise and noble who practise the cheap philosophy, *virtute me involvo.* The forces of evil, being basically animal forces, are always active, insistent and daring. Appetite never sleeps. To all such the problem of life is not one for discussion, but of war. Good people drift, procrastinate, pray, "Give peace in our time Oh Lord!." Finally when the catastrophe of revolution ensues they are found disorganized and helpless and go down before the mob. In the end they come back, but only after great tribulation, and no thanks to them, as a rule.

Mob-rule always ends in complete paralysis—must. It is the actual rule of the average, and that means that a type of man uncultured, unscientific, without much character foresight or ability, and prone to look at everything from the stand point of the material, dictates the terms of existence. Gentle and simple are alike, reduced to the indecency of a naked subsistence—the herd-instinct is revived amid the appurtenances of a complex civilization. Russia to-day represents what society would become under the rule of the mob. England would fare no better, perhaps worse. It is the aristocrat who is the saviour of society; and by aristocrat is not meant, the product of caste, but the immediate triumph of character, however lowly, over circumstances. Jesus was a spiritual aristocrat; so was Epictetus; so was Marcus Aurelius.

The trouble to-day is that the highly intelligent are not organized for political ends—the maintenance of civilization. The proletariat are so organized, and what they seek is the complete destruction of the present order of things. They do not stop to consider that the present order of things is the complete sum of all previous effort and experience, including yesterday, and that if it be destroyed there can be no substitute found. Intellect banished from its high seat, man would become the most helpless of animals. The development must be into more subtle complexities of intelligence till reason rules absolutely, and the brute be finally eliminated from

the race. All levelling tendencies are opposed, in their very nature, to the life of reason, since reason is essentially aristocratic, and must forever seek new and untried fields.

If the wise, the noble, the cultured, the pious, the courteous do not present a bold front and effect a universal organization for the protection of civilization the world will go up in flames. It is quite useless blaming the poor Tsar. The fault was with the Russian nobles and *Bourgeoisie.* They were not organized, and when the anarchists rose the whole structure of society collapsed.

Who are the real Bolshevists at this hour? Honest men who won't fight for honesty; truthful men who refuse to take up arms for truth; patriotic men who are willing to let their country drift on the rocks; edtors who are afraid of "The Interests" and fatten on the ignorance and excitability of the mob; public men to whom the noble art of politics is a sort of "cut-throat" whist. Ease in Zion destroyed Zion.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

WHAT the American mistakes for stupidity in the Englishman is really heft; for insolence, reticence based on a clear comprehension that language should be used truthfully or not at all. The English admire "The master of the moderate statement." The day will come when the American will not need to boast Boasting is always characteristic of adolescence. Men who have not arrived are always extremely sensitive. America has arrived with the roar of a tide and doesn't seem to be aware of the fact. When it once comes to realize how great and puissant it is it will be silent, and, merciful God! what a relief that will be! A sense of responsibility to the world (lacking at present) will, one of these days, crush it into the dust. It has been cursed with orators and wind-bags and uplifters for over a century. The heavy roll of Webster's Oratory still reverberates through the land. Ingersoll gave a fresh start to a bad tradition. Every commencement adds to the joy of cynics; every pulpit fans the flames of rhodomontade; every popular speaker builds up to his peroration and takes it with a wild "hurrah" in which the audience joins. Intoxication being now a crime we may expect the debauch of words to go on. It seems a national pastime, like fighting in Ireland or the bull-fight in Spain. Words, the most mysterious of all agencies, are strained out of all reason and used, not with precision, brevity and clarity, but as whips and goads of the superlative. It is the superlative or nothing.

The day will come when America will not greatly care what the rest of the world thinks of her theories of government. She will slowly realize that the word democracy is capable of many interpretations, and that living persons are superior to paper. She may even come to realize that to clothe the cadets of English county families, who by the accident of fortune or birth, found themselves in

Virginia instead of in Hampshire or Sussex in 1770, with the political wisdom of Olympians may look absurd, and even grotesque, to the descendants of the elder ranking branches who stubbornly refuse to be bound by any past precedent and who consider the spiritual word of more importance than the written text. But what a tremendous compliment it is to admit that a group of English aristocrats (Byrd, Randolph, Marshall, Jefferson, Washington etc.) were possessed of political omniscence! Once, at any rate, in the history of mankind the British race touched the sublime height of policital infallibility. But why do not living American Orators model more on their speeches?

SCIENTIFIC CALVINISM

IF the contention of Prof. Bateson that education and opportunity make no difference in the case of the individual; that it is all pre-arranged in the cell, and that as the foetus is in the womb so will be the developed embryo; then the Calvinism of science is more terrible than the, now lightly held, emasculated form inherited from Calvin himself. Theological Predestinarianism gives the "elected" soul nothing in this life, but all in the next; whereas scientific Calvinism gives to the so-called "unfit" nothing is this life and nothing beyond. Calvinism never denied that the sinner, the "non-elect" might flourish here below "like a green bay tree." It rather emphasized the point of view that the unregenerate *would* flourish and the saint pass through tribulations, and be made "perfect through suffering." In other words, the contention was, that this life is of the nature of a discipline for "Gods' Elect."

The wicked were rather cynically disposed (on the general assumption that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush") to allow that the saint had the best of it (in theory) as respects another life. All the wordling was concerned about was that, since Hell was to be "his portion forever," he might be permitted to enjoy "the pleasures of sin for a season"—"*Cras ingens*," etc.

But, if life be not a discipline leading eventually to a full satisfaction of every high desire, and if death end all, and if this become the fixed conviction of the race; then it is hard to see why the masses of mankind—the vast inarticulate, dumb multitude should not obey Omar's advice, "Seize while you may—The Caravan moves on." This explains why the Bolsheviki have posted up placards all over Russia bearing the legand, "Religion is dope." They wish to emphasize the idea that this life is all.

But what Prof. Bateson loses sight of is morality, conduct, faith. Let it be admitted that education and opportunity do not essentially change capacity; that capacity (to make money, e.g.) is fixed at birth and has its iron bounds; that "no man by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature." What of it? We may admit all this, just as set forth, and pass sereneley on. For it is also demon-

strably true that "the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, "and that the world is carried on by good, plain people who make no pretence to originality. Conduct makes the difference; conduct saves and compensates. Genius is rarely happy, and always doubts its own faith. It pays a frightful toll of suffering for its pre-eminence. On the other hand, the so called, "average" person possesses hope, unlimited optimism and has an outlook which, just because it has no explicated intellectual content, is of the purest and most comforting mysticism.

The average Englishman e.g. is certainly not a genius; but he is unquestionably a mystic. His stupidity at times is sublime, and the envy of more high-strung nations. Ignorance of all the facts is often times a preservative of courage. Not being clever, not knowing the whole situation he plods along guided by instinct—the massed accumulated experience of the race— rather than by reasoned philosophical deductions—and pulls through!

The truth is that no human being is like any other human being. There are infinite variations from an idiot to a Shakespeare. In only one direction is scope illimitable—in the direction of character. There, in the domain of religion, achievement is endless and the heritage universal. We may not all be genuises, but surely we may all become good men and good women! When the pure scientist generalizes so as to include the world of intellectual and spiritual relations, as a rule, he writes himself down an ass. His technique simply does not apply in the higher field of consciousness. There is not, there cannot be a real conflict between religion and science, because the development is parallel. Never can they neet, though each throws light on the other. Science is never mystical; though the highest form of science is poetical and imaginative. However rarified the air the scientist moves in, however ethereal, he must carry his method with him. The method is all. Admit that the electron is inconceivably minute as compared with the atom, the molecule, the particle, it is real and can be mathematically measured. We are still on the plane of the material;still in the grip of a proved technique. It is different when we enter the life of spiritual struggle, and try to grasp the significance in the scheme of things of "a broken and a contrite heart." Here we are in the domain of mysticism pure and simple, and here often times God uses the things that are humble and despised to overturn and shame the mighty. It is the only free world and it is a universal possession. From this high vantage-ground the common and unclean is seen to be the result of moral failure, a failure to obey the law governing character; and the genius may be the exemplar of the vilest, the humblest and limited, the revelation of The Highest. In this highest, because truly social world, the method of science is of no value whatsoever. The lamp here is faith. Spiritual vision of the highest and finest quality is often found in very humble hearts. Self-consciousness is the last

expression of energy in the universe, and character is the flower of that ultimate force. It is possible to be earth's failure and God's success. There is no limit to what may be achieved by a human soul that keeps faltering and humble step with the Divine Lite of which it is the self-conscious child. Here alone is freedom and hope.

THE DAY BOOK

PROPAGANDA in these days is more often than not the constant repetition of a lie.

When the honesty of everyone engaged in politics is questioned the whole race is corrupt.

Didactic poetry is a fraud. It invites us to taste the apples of the Hesperides, and then, having got us in its grip, gives us a switching.

Had the Church of England been true to Wilson, Jackson, Herbert, Jeremy Taylor and enlarged with an enlarging age it would long ere this have knit the whole Anglo-Saxon world into a true spiritual unity and rendered all dissent absurd.

Profoundly cultivated men have a contempt for what is called "culture," and, indeed, for all final definitions. First class brains are found in all classes of life and seem natural gifts like a fine voice or a noble presence. All the better if the diamond be polished, of course, but the diamond is a diamond. Bacon, the wisest man of his day, never tired of stressing what he called "mother wit."

What the world stands in need of is not more votes but more sense. The world is sick of political rain-bow chasers, financial megalomaniacs, conceited moral uplifters. Men and women want to be let alone so as to re-organize themselves. The reaction to a true historic conservatism is unmistakable. Trust, confidence and security are the great desiderata. We all want the old simple conditions restored and vague theorizing cut out.

If Germany, in despair of ever being received on a basis of mental and moral equality by the so-called civilized races, sets her face eastward it will be because the western races drove her in that direction. They may yet be sorry. The East has lain fallow for 2,000 years. We may once again witness an Eastern Empire held in a grip of iron by scientific Prussian satraps that shall astonish the world. It will be godless, immoral and irresistible. The phalanx may come to life again under a scientific Alexander. Germany, notwithstanding her terrible trials, has great and soaring hopes in these days. She is next door to an unexploited land.

There is no satisfaction like a clean sword.

If the materialist is correct then the gorilla has the best of it.

Group-government, so called, is nothing in the last analysis but government by irresponsible outside committees.

There are certain people who are always saying, "Let's pretend!" and they are the most delightful people in the world.

Platonic friendship was possible to Plato. After so long an interval of time he should, at any rate, receive the benefit of the doubt.

There are certain elect souls in this world who, as they approach ever nearer and nearer to Heaven, bring Heaven ever nearer and nearer to us.

More money is spent by middle-aged fools of both sexes in trying to recover lost youth with its quick and joyous reactions, than youth itself spends at its high meridian.

The attitude of the incompetent and envious towards the well-to-do and thrifty may be summed up in the sentence: "If I only had the chance at the trough which that swine has I would show you what fat is."

The idealist in his heart scorns money, yet suffers more keenly from the lack of it that anyone else. When the government actually means everybody, everybody wants a job. Office is multiplied an hundred-fold under democracy. It would be multiplied a thousand fold under socialism, and ten thousand-fold under the Soviet.

It may be possible for an arbitrary government to guarantee three meals a day, clothing and shelter; but is it possible to guarantee happiness; content? If rewards are to be monotonous, limited, and life sink to a comfortable brute-level is it supposable that the strong and clever will not help themselves to power, fair women, wine, cates? Would not "birds of a feather flock together"? Would not the subtle and crafty, fool the mob? Political idealism in these days is but a stalking-horse for greed, and credulity falls for it.

Until political morality is identified with enlightened self-interest, that is to say with the unchanging laws that govern life, there will be no chance of human improvement. Men simply flounder in a bog so long as they look to legislation for any permanent benefit. The greatest fallacy of modern times is this looking upon government as the source of all social amelioration. All sensible men ever expect from any government is: honest administration of the finances; protection of the average consumer against both capitalist and labor exploiters; the enforcement of fundamental equity; the wise fostering of natural resources, and the encouragement of education and science.

Political and commercial America is humanity's supreme disappointment at this hour. It is the sepulchre of hopes and ideals. Liberty there, instead of leading to equality of opportunity, has resulted in the upheavel of a range of financial Colossi. Rockfeller is the Mt. Everest of the national selfishness. It is top-heavy. At a time of grave popular unrest common-place, vulgar and envious people come to the front, because no argument is required, only abuse. It is the golden chance for ignorant, vain emotionalists and sentimentalists. These are the days when the cry of "Liberty" becomes as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Every political ass brays his loudest.

THE PORTAGE

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

White grow the frail walls of our tent.
'Tis stifling hot within.
We toss and moan like prisoners pent
In Tophet for some sin.

A vagrant breeze the riffle frights;
The trees uneasy sway:
The wraiths that groan and peer o' nights
Skip with the sun's first ray.

With stretch and yawn, with many a groan
We struggle free of sleep.
In vain the drowsy god may drone!
In vain the poppy heap!

To-day the trail shall claim its own;
The voyageur essay
The shard-strewn track with many a moan,
And curse the rugged way.

Our bark that seemed a thing of light
Now weighs a solid sphere.
We start a *chanson* quick and bright,
And end it with a jeer.

Deep to the bone the keel cuts down.
We puff like pampered jades.
Tense-muscled, sore, with brows afrown
We plunge through tangled glades.

The brambles tear our sun-scorched hands;
The poison-ivy burns;
The black-flies double their demands
Amid the dripping ferns.

Half-mad with pain, half-blind with sweat,
We reach a friendly sward,
And sprawl oblivious of the wet,
And smoke both deep and hard;—

And scoff betimes, and scoff again,
And scoff a third time sore
When like a volley comes the rain
In one unending pour.

Through countless years we sway and plunge—
Milleniums have passed!
At each breath make a drunken lunge—
The next step is the last!

An open glade! A fairy lake!
The sky once more is blue!
Ho! Pete LaFarge, my bold boy, shake!
Hurrah for the Canoe!

THE WILDING.

By James Cobourg Hodgins

"Let us be good," the preacher said,
"For time is short, soon we'll be dead.
Let us make haste while we are here—
Since life ends at a solemn bier—
To tread the only certain path
That leads away from endless wrath."
But while he mumbled, up above
A little bird without sang—Love!
What is your burden, cynics, say?—
Or clad in gold or clad in grey—
Whether you shake St. Peter's keys,
Or chill with Calvinistic breeze?
You, Horace, full of cool conceit—
Flawless in art, with pride replete—
Praising your Sabine farm while soul
Burns with desire for Rome—your goal!—
Come, dance to cadence measured, neat,
And all your blasé saws repeat!
Quoheleth—sensualist turned priest—
What's your opinion of the feast?
You, Swift, past-master of offence—
Hyena, revelling in stench—
Old fly-blown cynic, what's the news
Touching our life—beg pardon!—stews?
And Nietsche, Gorky, Baudelaire,
And all who fain would foul the fair:
Who stab dear love, exalt wild hate
And lay brute hands upon the state—
What is your message to our day?
At what strange altar shall we pray?
This is the oracle ye send
Touching the pathway all must wend—
It is a lane walled in with grey,
A steady march the dolorous way.
Its joy—the perfume of the rose:
Its pain—the sting that sharper grows.
The rose blooms, fades; the thorn grows hard;
The wreath dissolves; foul smells the nard.
To-morrow looms up bright and fair;
To-day is ever full of care.

O'er the hot sands floats the mirage—
'Tis naught but nature's persiflage!
Life's but a poor played-out conceit,
And every soul is born a cheat.
Virtue is but the mask of vice:
The saint turns sinner in a trice.
We love our friends when far away:
Together—weary drags the day.
For us slim Phyrra binds her hair
In golden coils, for us, we swear.
Lo, down the lane a lover lilts:
Our suit the siren lightly jilts.
Maecenas whispers, "Bet on red!"—
To Baiae hath the rascal fled.
Psycho, the mage, a secret holds;
His brain all mystery enfolds:
With gold, with wine, with meats we ply;
Maidens and youths with longing sigh;
He feeds our hungry souls with words;
He skims the cream: we get the curds.
Here's Aristotle's loving ward:
Clear, axiomatic, trenchant, hard.
No idealistic moonshine! He
Admits it is a mystery.
He urges us to delve and dig.
We sweat and find—the thing is big!
Arcturus dims our ingle-blaze;
The village-walk becomes a maze.
We ask: "What means it all in sooth?"
He answers us serenely, "Truth!"

. . . .

But I, a wilding, slipped the crowd,
Blew out the candles, tore the shroud,
And, toppling over churches, creeds
Passed by a road which no one heeds
To the blue sky and open air.
At God's own inn I found good fare:
Yea, the rich wine which grief atones
Soaked to my comfortable bones.
I laughed to see the solemn wights
Glower at a little child's delights.
And, as I lolled and trolled a catch,
I damned the whole crew in a batch.
The mounting sap began to ooze;
The bee began to hum and booze:
Too foolish-young to mind the hoard,
He lightly flickers with his sword,

And boasts, a reckless courtier,
Of halcyon days devoid of care.
Let Winter come—he hath his cell.
Let poverty—'tis not his hell.
For pleasure—may the queen be kind!
In a deep swoon shall Death him find.
Bosloper rough, I learn of thee—
Work, honey, home, love, mystery.
I'll pay my debts; I'll smoke my pipe;
I'll suck the luscious peach when ripe.
My wife to me shall be the nymph
That toyed with Hylas; she the sylph
That ghostlike, fluttered through the shade
To Jason, when of fate afraid:
On her white brow the golden fleece
That lured the heady lads from Greece.
I'll take my child upon my knee,
And shudder with pure ecstacy,
And her dear prattle shall reveal
The meaning of the awe I feel.
Just what life is I do not know,
I do not care—I glow! I glow!
When Autumn comes I take my gun;
My pointer, ever on the run,
Noses the stubble, sniffs the game,
Remains at pause, leaps forth like flame!
A sheet of fire! A somersault!
Over the furrows swift I vault.
Then homeward through the evening haze
To mild Havana, laughing blaze.
Sweet are the lies one tells one's wife
After a day of harmless strife.
When the vast Hydra Hercules
With mighty strokes brought to his knees,
Did his exploit lose aught of charm
When lovely Hebe did disarm?
"The Hydra was as huge as Greece!
One stroke the monster did decrease!"
And Hebe after other game,
Laughed at the liar in his shame.
Give me a beryl stream in June;
My reel and rod in perfect tune;
A swirl below a little fall;
A tug—a worry—that is all!
What joy to see the silken line
Cut with quick curves the salty brine
What time the sea-bass haunt the shore

In springtime when the breakers roar!
Or in an inland lake to feel
The grayling strain against the reel!
Or, trolling o'er the stately fronds
That sway and nod in lily-ponds,
To sense the pull, behold the leap
Of that vast monster of the deep
Whose urge is power, whose bite is death
To all that draw a watery breath.
Give me my books and let them be
Passports to heavenly company.
When the wind whinnys down the flume,
And the snow, wraithlike, haunts the gloom
Then in Italian gardens slow
I'll saunter with Boccaccio,
Or 'mid the rhododendrons dream
With Plato in the Academe.
Best in the universal wild
An estray, lured by God's own child,
With Jacques I'll brood, with Falstaff laugh,
With Touchstone scatter merry chaff—
With Lear I'll face the stinging gale,
With Rosalind I'll shyly rail.
There let them stand in fine array
Brave knights who ever face the day;
Immortal children, born of God,
To mitigate the chastening rod:
Scarlet, canary, blue and gold
Wrapping the precious parchments old;
Each book a portal to the best
In this our life-plain, manifest.
Give me my friends—A few! A few!
I rarely keep my heart on view.
Yet there are some choice spirits here,
On this small globule, who are dear.
I love mankind as I love God,
Yet in such love I sometimes nod.
'Tis vague and vast, a splendid dream—
Shifting, elusive, like a gleam
Of restless lightning, when in June
The very trees with languor swoon.
But when, sweet comrades, we link arms
And face together life's alarms
Then do the heavens drop down as dew,
The Spirit doth its power renew.
"Let us be good!" the preacher said.
I have been good. And so to bed!